

"The same motives which you have to eliminate DANGEROUS publications should prompt you to exercise your zeal in the diffusion of SOUND literature."—Cardinal Gibbons.

OUR SUNDAY VISITOR

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"TO BE PRACTICAL and TO DO GOOD"—Our Motto

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God Surely Would Not Reward People For Breaking His Laws

INSTRUCTION XII.

(Continued from last week.)

FATHER S. Now, Mr. Jackson, since you have a clear comprehension of the Church's nature, organization and mission, we shall take up one by one those teachings of the Church, which we have not already touched on. You will recall that we believe in God, Who exists in three Persons; that the second Person became man to atone for mankind's sin, and to establish in the world a spiritual kingdom, for the proper teaching of the nations, and blessed with divine helps to assist the soul of the individual in its strife for salvation. Incidentally we have referred to the reward which is in store for those who faithfully observe God's commandments and "hear His Church," and to the punishment which awaits those who disregard either. Now let us take up the several doctrines of the Church specifically.

MR. J. Very well, Father, I am ready for them. Let us begin with the pleasant teaching concerning Heaven.

FATHER S. Yes, I presume you are most ready to believe that there exists a place of eternal happiness?

MR. J. I am ready for the pleasant and the unpleasant. You only need to tell me what God's Church, taught by God Himself, declares.

FATHER S. Well, concerning Heaven, the Church teaches, that it is God's own home, where the saved are associated with the angels, see God, face to face, and enjoy a happiness beyond the conception of any human being, and one that will never end.

MR. J. That's worth working for, Father.

FATHER S. Indeed it is. If happiness, such as the Almighty Power of God can prepare, were to be only of one or ten years' duration, it would be worth a lifelong struggle, but considering that it will last as long as God Himself will endure, eternally—its attainment should be the one great concern of every human being. No one should be willing to run even the remotest risk of losing it.

MR. J. But no one who dies in sin can enter this happiness of God, can he?

FATHER S. No.

MR. J. Well, then, what hope is there for any of us, for who can pass through life without committing some sins?

FATHER S. But, in His goodness and mercy, God has left with His Church the power to forgive sin, upon the repentance of man. We shall take this up later.

MR. J. It does not seem to me that any man could be worthy of such a reward as you describe Heaven to be.

FATHER S. Surely no man could be worthy of it, but God chose thus to honor and reward those who love and serve Him here on earth. I am glad that you are not so presumptuous as some people, who believe that whether a man does God's will or not, he will be saved.

MR. J. That would be unreasonable. It is against all justice to reward the wicked. Think of a person being rewarded for ever and ever for breaking God's laws throughout a long life, and not even seriously repenting!

FATHER S. I see that it will be easy to prove to you the existence of hell; you are touching upon it already.

MR. J. Well, isn't Heaven to be a reward for virtue and the service of God?

FATHER S. Yes, except for babes, who die in their baptismal innocence; they receive it as a gift. But those who come to the use of reason earn Heaven by complying with God's requirements.

MR. J. That seems just and right. Since God does not owe Heaven to anybody, it surely rests with Him to dictate the terms on which it is to be attained, and man has no one to blame but himself if he refuses to comply with such terms.

FATHER S. Exactly.

MR. J. On this same principle, I presume that there are degrees of reward in Heaven, for surely some deserve more than others?

FATHER S. Oh, yes; the person who gives his best years to the devil, but repents before his death, will receive less reward than those who were devoted friends and lovers of God throughout life.

MR. J. But all are called saints, are they not?

FATHER S. Yes, all the saved are called saints; but they came into possession of Heaven by different claims. Some, in days of persecution, gave up their lives, rather than betray Christ; they are called martyrs. Millions won Heaven in this way during the first three centuries. Others consecrated themselves, soul and body, to Christ; they sacrificed chances to marry, in order that they might expend all their heart's love on Jesus; they would have been ready to die a thousand times rather than to offend God by the slightest sin; many of them went to the desert to live amid privations and to devote their whole lives to prayer and quiet meditation. But still others lived like the majority of us, in a world of sin, subject to thousands of temptations. They cared for their families, attended to their work, but did not wholly neglect their souls. They prayed, submitted to Christ's easy yoke, and employed the means of salvation placed by God's Church at their disposal.

MR. J. But only the spirits of the good go to Heaven?

FATHER S. Until the general Resurrection day, at the end of the world. In the Apostles' Creed we say: "I believe in the resurrection of the body." By His Almighty power God will reproduce the bodies of every human being, and reunite the souls to the bodies which from the time of their separation by death, were in Heaven, Hell or Purgatory. Then the whole assemblage of human beings will be judged by God (cf. Matt. xxiv.); and thereafter, as human beings—body and soul united—they will be welcomed into Heaven, or sentenced everlastingly to Hell. The bodies of the saved will be like unto Christ's risen body, glorious, radiant with heavenly beauty, spiritualized, and no longer capable of the slightest suffering; whilst the bodies of the wicked will be hideously ugly, because of their union with a soul which had lived in Hell and was branded with God's curse. As the body participated in many good works, and in many evil deeds, it is fitting that it should be rewarded or punished with the soul.

MR. J. Is not the soul judged at death and its fate settled?

FATHER S. Yes; this is called the particular judgment.

MR. J. Why, then, another judgment at the end of the world?

FATHER S. For several reasons, two of which are: 1. To glorify Christ before the whole world. On earth He was unjustly judged by men and sentenced to death; 2. To vindicate the justice of God. On earth people frequently accuse God of being unjust and criticize His Providence, which they do not understand. Here we frequently see poverty and trials, sickness and misfortune associated with virtue and holiness, whilst the wicked often prosper. God will show that He was a just God nevertheless.

MR. J. Does anybody know when the end of the world will be, Father?

FATHER S. No; so don't be alarmed at the prophecies of Adventists, Dovesites, etc.

MR. J. Why relatives and friends know each other in Heaven?

FATHER S. Assuredly; anything which would conduce to the greater happiness of the blessed will be granted by God.

MR. J. Don't you think that the ones whose happiness is inferior will envy those who are rewarded more?

FATHER S. No; those who have the least reward in Heaven, possess all that they could contain. Each saint has a certain capacity for heavenly joy, and is filled to overflowing. A bucket running over with water would not envy the barrel, which contains more; it has all it can hold.

(To be continued next week.)

THE CONFESSIONAL

Oh hallowed shrine, within whose shadowy depths
Are worked God's greatest miracles to man,
Like stations of the Cross, Sin crucified—
The Soul comes forth, renewed to grace again.

Approach, ye worldly, all in trembling fear;
Give place, Oh Pride, to sweet Humility:
With contrite heart, and lo!—perchance a tear,
Behold the fruits of earth and their futility.

Absolving waters soon shall sweep thy brow—
Repent from out the depths thy sinful pace.
Full many a Soul in writhing anguish now
Regrets, where Time is not, this missing grace.

Remember, Angels hover ever near,
To bear your sweet repentance back to Heaven.
Let it be ne'er their sorrow then, to bear
Their empty hands for choicest graces given.
—M. Adelaide Youngs.

The Editor Replies to a Socialist Correspondent

About once a month we receive strong communications from Socialists, who rebuke us for misrepresenting Socialism in our paper; but we have paid little attention to them hitherto, because of the intemperate language in which they were penned. But today we are noticing an epistle sent us, both because the writer has refrained from invective, and because he expressed a hope that we would print his communication. We shall take up his protests, section by section, and reply to the same, and shall do it in a mild and friendly way, because we are willing to believe that our objector is sincere, even if ill-informed.

McMILLEN. I have been, for the last month or so, a silent reader of your paper "Our Sunday Visitor." In your columns I have noticed from time to time attacks on the Socialist Party and Socialists in general.

In your November 10th edition, especially, you hurled charges right and left without regard for the truth whatever. One statement in particular you made and that was that at Socialist meetings the words "No God, No Master" were carried and placed in prominent places. I defy you to produce one bit of proof of such a demonstration in this country. I have attended Socialist meetings for years and I have the first time yet to see such a thing carried out. At Lawrence, Massachusetts, I admit that red flags were carried and violence was sometimes used, but that was not done by the Socialists, but by members of The Industrial Workers of the World, who are radically opposed by the Socialists and believers in sabotage.

NOLL. We did not intend to say that banners bearing the inscription "No God, No Master" are carried at all Socialist gatherings, but that such a one was carried in the Lawrence I. W. W. parade. But we did intend to imply that "No God, No Master" expresses well what real Socialism stands for. Our authorities are all Socialists of national and international repute:

(In his "Secret Society in Switzerland.")

"We shall do well if we stir hatred and contempt against all existing institutions; we make war against all prevailing ideas of religion, of the state, of country and of patriotism. The idea of God is the keystone of perverted civilization. The true root of civilization, the true root of liberty, of equality and of culture, is ATHEISM."

LIEBKNECHT.

"I am an Atheist, I do not believe in God. It is our duty as Socialists to root out the faith in God with all our might, nor is any one worthy the name, who does not consecrate himself to the spread of Atheism."

(Leading Socialist paper in Germany.)

"We know that Christianity has not brought redemption. We believe in no Redeemer. No man, no God in human form, no Savior can redeem humanity. Only humanity itself, only laboring humanity, can save humanity."

ROBERT BLATCHFORD.

(Leading Socialist of England, in "The Clarion.") "I deny the existence of a Heavenly Father. I deny the efficacy of prayer. I deny the providence of God. I deny the truth of the Old Testament and the New Testament. I deny the truth of the Gospels. I do not believe any miracle ever was performed. I do not believe that Christ was divine."

THE NEW YORKER VOLKSZEITUNG.

(The principal organ of Socialism in America.) "Socialism and belief in God, as is taught by Christianity and its adherents, are incompatible. Socialism has no meaning unless it is atheistic."

I am ready to grant that you and thousands of American Socialists are not atheists and have no sympathy with such immoral teaching, but you are subscribing to a party, which hopes, by political means, to establish a form of government, which would disown God. Do you say that Socialism here is different from Socialism in other lands? I answer:

"Socialism means the same in every land."—(Appeal to Reason, May 16, 1905.)

A. M. SIMONS.

"It is with the work of Karl Marx and Frederick Engels that Modern Socialism began to definitely take on the form by which it is known today."

HILLQUIT.

"The International Socialist movement with its thirty million adherents, at a conservative estimate, and its organized parties in twenty-five civilized countries in both hemispheres, is all based on the same Marxian program, and follows substantially the same methods of propaganda and action."

The Socialist National Convention held in Chicago, May, 1908, endorsed the Socialism of Marx, Bebel, Liebknecht, etc.

McMILLEN. You also state with the simplicity of a six-year-old kindergarten student, that Socialism is opposed to religion and to all that is good in civilization. Here again you leave the path of rectitude. The Socialist Party has nothing to do with man's religion whatever, it is not a matter of religion that the Socialist is trying to settle, it is the work of trying to make this world a better place for the people that toil for a living. It is merely a combination of the people of this country working towards the public ownership of all public utilities of transportation, public ownership of all the tools and means whereby the working class of people in this country produce the wealth which goes towards making a few rich while the majority live in poverty and misery. Under Socialism every man would have a chance to give his children an education the same as anyone else (have they a chance today?). Does the child of the coal miner, the mill-worker and the farmer get the same chance for a start in life that his master, the capitalist has? No, I think not.

NOLL. You give a good definition of Economic Socialism, but Socialism is not purely economic. Such is its only plea to the working-man, for it could not otherwise get him. Because it does not acquiesce with its immoral program, the Catholic Church feels obliged to do so, and she should have your gratitude rather than condemnation. I shall quote some of your recognized authorities, to show that Socialism is opposed to religion:

BEBEL.

(In an essay, republished in the Vorwaerts in 1901.) "Christianity is the enemy of liberty and of civilization. It has kept mankind in slavery and oppression. The Church and the State have always fraternally united to exploit the people. Christianity and Socialism are like fire and water."

LAFARGUE.

(A noted French Socialist and son-in-law of Marx.) "The victory of the proletariat will deliver humanity from the nightmare of religion."

HEAVER.

(Another noted French Socialist leader, quoted by Harold Begbie—Interview Nov. 10, 1904.) "It is absolutely necessary to destroy all vestige of religious idea, Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish, in order to carry out the entire program of advanced Socialism, which depends upon the disappearance of every form of theological influence."

SPANISH SOCIALISTS.

At a convention of Spanish Socialists held at Madrid, Sept. 21, 1898, it was resolved to expel any comrade who supported positive religion.

JOHN SPARGO.

(In The Comrade, May, 1903.) "How often do we see quoted in our own press, from the Encyclopedia Britannica, that familiar fallacy that 'the ethics of Christianity and Socialism are identical.' It is not true; we do not ourselves, in most cases, believe it. We repeat it because it appeals to the slave-mind of the world."

THE NEW YORK CALL.

(March 2, 1912.) "There is nothing to be gained by holding out any false hopes that a study of Socialism does not tend to undermine religious beliefs. The theory of compulsion determines alone, if thoroughly grasped, leaves no room for a belief in the supernatural." (Continued on Page Two.)

Catholics Attend Church Better Than Any Others

(From Father Noll's Book, entitled "For Our Non-Catholic Friends.")

(Continued from Last Week.)
CHAPTER V.

REV. H. SCHUYLER.

(Trinity P. E. Church—Trouton.)

"... I am filled with admiration while I contemplate the crowds which throng the Roman Catholic churches at hours when other Christian people are lying comfortably in bed. A religion which is able to make people shake off their sloth and indolence and set them about their religious duties as the first obligation incumbent upon them has certainly a great deal to commend it from any point of view. It may be said, of course, that the strict discipline of the Church requires this sacrifice of their ease and comfort, but what of that? It is certainly a virtue to cheerfully obey an authority which is recognized as divine."

NEW YORK SUN.

(Protestant Correspondent.)

"And who has not marked the reverence with which Catholics are wont to assist at the services of their Church, as well as the respect they pay to the Church? No wonder they are so devoted believers that it is infallible and has existed through all the centuries. Time and place affect not the Church that civilised our ancestors, it is still thrilling the world with its teachings, and a service wherein all the senses are addressed and all enchained."

"Let us leave these faithful millions to go on crowding the Catholic churches and schools, on Sundays and on week days, at all hours, at all seasons and in all weather, impressed as they are and we are with the grandeur, the solemnity, and dignity of the Catholic ceremonial. Who has not felt a thrill of rapturous emotion when in one of the splendid temples after a solemn moment has passed the glorious music again breaks forth, mingling joy with solemn notes, while a priest at the altar, robed in the venerable vestments of 1,800 years intones the Mass of thousands of years, while the kneeling multitude in hushed silence is bowed in secret prayer?"

CHURCHMAN.

(May 18, 1908.)

"The service for newspaper men at half past two in the morning, which the Roman Catholic rector at St. Andrew's church, Duane street, New York, began last week, as we announced."

ed some time ago, justifies the innovation amply. Seven hundred men were present, not only newspaper workers, but telegraph operators and postoffice employees—the city never goes quite asleep. It is gratifying to find an immediate and hearty response to this generous desire on the part of our Roman Catholic brothers to allow no spiritual need that is within their power to meet to go unsatisfied."

REV. MADISON C. PETERS.

(Baptist—New York.)

"Catholics teach us the lesson of constant attendance upon public worship. Protestants go when the weather is just to their liking. Who has not heard early on Sunday morning the tramp, tramp, of people, with a hard week's work behind them, while we are asleep, hastening to the Catholic Church, with prayerbook in hand?"

REV. A. C. APPELGRAH.

(Baptist—Philadelphia.)

"The Catholic is not a fair weather Christian, and neither heat nor cold can keep him away from church. In the Roman Catholic Church there seems to be no class distinction. Rich and poor meet together, for the Lord God is master of all. The Roman Catholic emphasizes the spirit of worship. Are Protestants losing this?"

REV. JAMES BENNINGER.

(Methodist—Plymouth, Pa.)

"The Protestant world has gone almost to the limit in adopting means to secure this desired end. We have seen the magic lantern exhibition, and listened to addresses on the laws of poets; we have heard classical singers and eloquent orators, but the men were no nearer the kingdom than before. We have fumed and fussed and worked ourselves into a frenzy, while the Catholic Church, without any effort on her part, has gone on in the even tenor of her way, solving the problem to the satisfaction of her hierarchy."

"How does she do it? How does she get men out of bed on Sunday morning at an early hour—men who work late on Saturday night? It does she fill the streets on Sunday morning with worshippers when the Protestant world is fast asleep? I know some of the explanations that are offered, but they do not explain. Many that we have heard and read only seem childish twaddle."

(Continued on Page Two.)

Erroneous Notions Concerning Convent Life

Recently a daughter of the Earl of Ashburnham, England, became a nun in the Convent of the Sacred Heart at Southampton. She is one of the hundreds of Catholic young women who every year abandon the world and its vanities to consecrate themselves to the higher life. Had she been the daughter of a commoner her determination to enter a convent would not have evoked any comment outside of the circle of her personal friends. But her father being an Earl has caused the newspapers to take note of what they would pass over in silence if it were not for the parentage of the sister novice. Some of these comments show what an erroneous view many Protestants take of the life led by Sisters.

The manner in which the "Western Christian Advocate" moralizes over the step taken by the daughter of the Earl of Ashburnham illustrates what we mean. "The other day," it says, "we read in the press that the daughter of the Earl of Ashburnham, England, had become a veiled nun and entered for life the Convent of the Sacred Heart at Southampton. The family from which she springs is one of the most eminent in England."

Taking this fact as its text, the "Western Christian Advocate" proceeds to preach this homily on the regrettable "misconception" of Christ's teachings displayed by Catholic Sisters: "We saw this item almost immediately after having read Mrs. Felicia Bullos Clark's romance called 'The Jesuit,' in which the tragedy and pathos of the nuns is very graphically and movingly pictured. It made one feel as if those who take the veil thereafter simply exist in what might almost be termed a living death."

Then follows this lamentation over the wasted potentialities that are mured up within the four walls of every convent: "When one thinks of the necessity for social welfare workers today, and of the great need of religious people with tender hearts and willing hands to go to their relief, such a conception of the following of Christ as entering a dungeon and staying there immured as a prisoner for the rest of one's days seems to us a misconception, trivial in its greatness, of the teaching of the Master, the spirit of the Gospel, and the claims of Christianity who would follow Him Who went about doing good."

It would be difficult to condense into the same number of words a greater perversion of facts. A Catholic is amazed that such an erroneous view of the life work of Catholic Sisters, as is set forth by the "Western Christian Advocate," could be maintained by any intelligent Protestant. One finds himself asking, how is it possible that a writer living in a great American city could pen the words we have quoted above. The work of Catholic Sisters in Chicago—work that includes within its scope all human needs, however varied they may be—is surely known to every one who is interested in relieving human suffering in the city where the "Western Christian Advocate" is published. In the Archdiocese of Chicago these noble, self-sacrificing women have under their charge twenty-two academies for girls, six orphan asylums, two infant asylums, five homes for old men and women, three working girls' homes, sixteen hospitals, an industrial school for girls, four communities for nursing sick in their homes. The Catholic archdioceses and dioceses throughout the United States have within their territorial limits similar institutions in which Catholic Sisters are spending their lives in works of beneficence which proclaim that they are in very deed following "Him Who went about doing good."

And yet the writer in the "Western Christian Advocate," in the fulness of his ignorance, bewails that young women cast in a heroic mould will become members of a Catholic Sisterhood when there is so much need of "social welfare workers today." When we think of Sister Rose and her devoted co-workers who in this city are tenderly caring for cancer patients in the home with which they have provided them, we can realize the utter silliness of those Protestants who fill the writer's head with such notions. That convents are a species of prisons whose inmates are shut out from all participation in work for benefiting and uplifting of humanity, "living in cells" must be figuratively.

Children's School and Playground

Learn the Meaning of These Terms for Your Teacher.

Abbot—The head of one of the larger monasteries; he is specially consecrated, and has the right to wear a mitre.

Abjuration—The renouncing of false doctrine required from heretics on their being reconciled to the Church.

Ablution—Washing, a term especially applied to the purifying of the priest's fingers after the Communion in the Mass.

Abolution—The forgiveness of sins by the priest in the sacrament of penance.

Abstinence, Days of—When meat is not permitted.

Accident—What may be present or absent without change of the subject: the appearances of a thing, which we perceive by the senses, are called accidents because they may or may not be in the thing without its ceasing to exist.

Accidents, Eucharistic—Though an accident cannot naturally exist by itself, in the Holy Sacrament the accidents of bread and wine remain after these substances have ceased to exist, being sustained by divine power. Our Lord is in them instead of a substance. They lean upon Him, yet do not touch Him; and as in the Incarnation the Sacred Humanity has no human person to support it, so in Transubstantiation the accidents are without a substance to uphold them.

Acolyte—One of the minor orders; term also used for servers at the altar in general.

Acts of Martyrs—The proceedings of their trial and death, recorded at the time, principally by notaries appointed for the purpose.

Actual Grace—The supernatural aid necessary for any good action.

Actual Sin—Every sin which we ourselves commit. Actual sin is divided into Mortal and Venial sin.

THE LIFE OF BLESSED GABRIEL.

By Xavier Sutton, C. P.

CHAPTER I. HIS EARLY LIFE.

The love of the marvelous, the great, the heroic, is inherent in the soul of the young. Hence a hero, no matter in what walk of life, is one who wins their love and admiration. The Catholic looks upon any Saint as a hero, and if the Saint were young, how eagerly will not everything about him be read by the young.

Think of a boy becoming a saint in these days! Yes, here he is before us. He lived not so long ago but that you may feel that you can touch and examine him to see what a saint is.

Francis Possenti was born March 1, 1838, in the holy city of Assisi. Here, eight hundred years before, had been born the great St. Francis, and it was his great virtues that have made Assisi famous the world over. Our hero was baptized at the same font and received the name of Francis. His father was a prominent lawyer, and when only twenty-two years old had been appointed governor of one of the States in Italy. When Francis was only four years old, his good mother died. The poor little fellow was scarcely old enough to realize his loss; but, young as he was, he cherished loving memories of that saintly mother who first taught him to think of God and to love Him above all things.

The father was in sore straits; with nine children seated about his table, and his many duties to the State calling him from home.

What was to be done? He saw the need of some one to be in the home to guide and instruct his children. He was fortunate in obtaining the services of a prudent lady, whom he put in charge of his household. She had no easy task; nine children! They were not all saints. Even Francis, at that time, was much like other boys. He was of a lively disposition, full of playfulness and, we are informed, contributed more than his share to the noise and bustle of the house. He had his faults, too. He was quick to anger; giddy, and prone to disobey; but the spell would soon pass off, and then he was full of shame for having given way to his evil passions. Like a brave, generous boy, he would go to his father and beg pardon; but the father, to punish him, would at first refuse to listen to him. "Go," he would say, "and behave yourself."

Francis could not endure the thought that his father was displeased, and with tears and caresses he would beg him to forgive him and say that he loved his little Francesco. How could the father resist such an appeal? The father, you see, was a wise and loving parent; he knew how important it was for his son to learn to control these outbursts of passion; otherwise they would grow and become strong, and in time could not be repressed. When Francis was old enough he was sent to school. The Christian Brothers were in charge, and it was under their influence, says his sister, "that the seeds of virtue implanted in his soul by his Christian parents, developed into flowers and fruits, despite the weeds that threatened to stifle them."

Do not suppose that Francis was one of those goody-goody boys who find it hard to laugh and play, but try to look solemn and holy all the time. No, Francis was a lively boy. Sometimes he

would be all fervor, and loved to pray; and then he would get lazy and indifferent. Like all boys, he loved fruit and sweet things, but unlike some boys would not steal these things from the orchard or pantry to gratify his taste. He was not very particular about his appearance, but sometimes an ornament would take his fancy; then he would soon tire of it and throw it aside, saying, "Oh! what do I care?"

He was a noble soul, and hence he looked upon it as mean to cheat in his lessons at school or at play, to take an unfair advantage of his playmates; when he saw such conduct in other boys he was very outspoken against such things as unjust and dishonorable. A boy is a little man, and when he gets to be a big man he will act the same as he did when a boy. A manly boy will strive to be honorable and just with his companions and teachers.

His good father, Signor Possenti, before retiring to rest at night, would gather his children about him, and having recited the rosary with them, he would talk to them in a familiar way of their duty to God, the danger of bad company, and the importance of always trying to save their souls. These lessons were not lost on Francis; he let them sink deep into his soul, and we shall see what fruit they bore in after-life.

(To be Continued.)

THY WILL BE DONE.

By Edward F. Garesche, S. J.

"Thy will be done!" A sweet refrain
To pagan lips unknown!
How should they cry it in their pain

To gods of clay and stone?
Dark Fate appalled them, every one,
They never dreamed "Thy will be done!"

O Blessed Lord, from Thee we heard
This saying of the blest!
A boon from heaven this holy word,
To cherish in our breast;
It echoes now from sun to sun
In tender prayer—"Thy will be done!"

ORIGIN OF THE ANGELUS.

It is to St. Augustine that we attribute the beautiful thought: We ought to pray, particularly in the evening, in the morning and at noonday, for at evening we find our Lord fastened to the cross, in the morning arisen, and at noonday ascended into heaven. Let us meditate in the evening on our dying Lord's resignation, in the morning on the new life of the Risen One, and at noonday let us ask Him Who sitteth on the right hand of the Father graciously to hear our prayer.

It may be interesting for us, then, to trace the origin of the beautiful prayer which so admirably fulfills St. Augustine's admonition.

THE EVENING BELL.

The first mention of a bell being rung in the evening to summon the faithful to prayer we find at a gathering of prelates and nobles, in the year 1061, where all are invited every evening at the sound of a bell to pour forth their prayers to God. They are, furthermore, counseled to close the doors of their houses and not to wander forth.

A provincial council, held in 1307 in Hungary, prescribed the ringing of the church bell toward evening, and the faithful were invited to recite three Hail Marys in honor of the Blessed Virgin. Ten years later the same custom was introduced into France. In 1318 we find Pope John XXII approving of the devotion and granting an indulgence of ten days for the recital of the prayer. Four

years later a chapter meeting in Spain introduced the practice of reciting one "Ave," kneeling, for the spiritual and temporal well-being of the faithful, for peace and for the fertility of the fields.

Then followed England, and John of Stratford, Bishop of Winchester, exhorts his people to recite every evening at curfew, three Aves.

In 1326 an indulgence was granted at Rome to a church in the diocese of Passavia to all who, at the sound of the evening bell, should recite the Salutation thrice.

Finally, Rome introduced the custom, and Pope John XXII, in 1327, ordained that in each quarter of the city a bell should be sounded at dusk, in a church so situated that all could hear. An indulgence of ten days was granted for the recitation of the Ave.

Four years later the Bishop of Breslau ordered a bell to be rung and an Ave to be said for the well-being of the church and the peace of the country.

Many proofs can be brought to show how the devotion progressed in various countries; we will, however, mention but one instance. A German Dominican, Fra Felice Fabri, of Ulm, had at that time made several pilgrimages to the Holy Land. In the account which he published he relates how, on his first voyage, in 1480, he found the devotion of the Angelus introduced even upon his ship. At sunset the captain's steward gave a signal from the deck with a small horn, wished all passengers a pleasant night, in his master's name, and then showed them a picture of the Mother of God holding the Child Jesus in her arms. Before this all knelt and recited three Hail Marys, "as is wont," he writes, "to be done at the evening bell." The same picture was presented to the people in the morning and the Ave again recited before it.

VOCAL MUSIC.

(Written by a Child.)

It is wonderful as well as surprising what an influence vocal music has upon people, even upon those who pretend to be unaffected listeners. And the rendering of it means very much; for singing is an art and one of the most difficult to master. One who attempts to learn it must be prepared to give to it the same devotion which is demanded by the sister arts of painting and sculpture.

The human voice is the most delicate of all instruments and is susceptible of more and varied influence than any other. The singer has to combine in himself the instrument and the performer. He must have all the artistic and intellectual qualities necessary for the instrumentalist and he must realize moreover that he is a living instrument and he must exercise over himself all the care indeed far more care, than players exercise over their most cherished "weapons." He has not only to learn how to sing but how to be and remain fit for singing. More than the instrumentalist, he is affected by his surroundings and he should choose different ones if those of the present do not tend to uplift him physically, intellectually and morally.

Marie Carroll.

Another version:

The Ho(rri)ble Skirt.
"Mary had a little skirt
Tied tightly in a bow,
And everywhere that Mary went
She simply couldn't go."
—Harper's.

A lazy boy,—and we know some—
Is like—
"A clock that wants both hands
As useless if it goes as if it stands."

Miscellaneous

Some World News Boiled Down.

Two more Episcopalian ministers in New York have joined the Catholic Church.

Father Guymard, of Three Forks, Montana, has been appointed traveling immigration agent for the Chicago, Milwaukee and Puget Sound railway.

The International Eucharistic Congress will hold its first convention in the United States sometime during the year 1914, when it will meet in the city of New Orleans. It was held the first time on this continent two years ago, the place being Montreal, Canada.

Cardinal Capeceletro died a few days ago in Italy. He was a scholarly prelate, and wrote numerous works, which are considered some of the very best productions of literary Italy. He was one of the three who were Cardinal Gibbons' senior in the college of Cardinals.

Throughout the country, on the first Sunday of Advent, Catholics will be asked for a mite in behalf of the Catholic University, at Washington, D. C.

The German Catholic federated societies, called the Central Verein, will erect a "School of Social Science," for the study of social questions.

GUIDE ME, JESUS, GUIDE ME.

Guide me, Jesus, guide me,
Thru this life down here below,
Where God in His wisdom sent me
Of Him to learn and Him to know.

I cannot go alone, I'm lonely,
And my struggling soul within
Calls out to Thee for guidance
Thru this world so full of sin.

I start, but draw back trembling,
Not knowing which way to turn;
'Tis hard thru encircling darkness
The right way to discern.

Each step I take, I falter,
Lest, perhaps, my choice is wrong,
For the way is full of pitfalls
And the road seems oh, so long!

No, I cannot go without Thee,
My heart is gripped with fear,
Guide me, be my Guiding Star,
Let me know that Thou art near.

Just to know Thou art guiding
And to see with eyes aright
The way thru which Thou guidest
Altho' dark, 'twould then be bright.

It is he thru the valleys,
Or if the mountains I must climb,
Anywhere with Thee I'll journey,
Thy will be done, not mine.

What a comfort to surrender
Implicitly to Thy will, and say,
Guide me, Jesus, where'er Thou wilt,
Be my guide each night and day.

Guide me ever onward, upward,
Thru all sorrow, joy and strife,
To that land of supreme joy
Where death is not, but all is life.

Guide me, Jesus, guide me,
Guide an erring wanderer's way,
Never for an instant leave me,
But guide me lest I go astray.
C. K.—Birmingham, Ala.

They (of course they were girls) were talking (of course in the nicest manner possible) about a third girl—a mutual friend.

"Yes," remarked one of them, "she quarrelled with Jack, and returned all his presents."

"Oh, really? And I suppose he very naturally returned hers?" "Every one of them," replied the other. "Why, he even went so far as to send her a half dozen boxes of face powder, with a polite note explaining that since he first met her he must have taken that much home on his coat."

WORK OF THE MONKS.

Their Services to Literature and Civilization.

Rev. Dr. N. M. Waters, Congregational minister, Brooklyn, N. Y., in a recent discourse on St. Bernard, paid this tribute to the monks of the past:

"Out of the monasteries came the printing press; out of the monasteries came the universities; out of the monasteries came the libraries; out of the monasteries came the prayer book, the Litany, the Te Deum. It was in the monasteries the foundation of English literature was laid; it was in the monasteries that the first New Testament was written; it was in a monastery that the Bible was first translated into English."

"The monk, under God, was the great architect of civilization."

"These monks were scholars. These monks had the time and learning and the devotion in an age when there were no books to seek out for all the sources of the Bible, and to copy and illumine old letters and old manuscripts."

"Take all the manuscripts from which our modern Bible is derived

which have had a strange story of preservation; not one of them would exist today had it not been for the fidelity and the scholarship of the monks of the Middle Ages. They kept learning alive; they wrote the only books in that time, some of which are still alive. Many of our hymns came from distant ages. Our 'Jerusalem the Golden' came from the pen of the Abbot of Cluny. It was St. Bernard of Clairvaux who wrote 'O Sacred Head Now Wounded.'"

THE POET AND THE BULL.

Our Ella Peeler Wheelbox was
A-sittin' on a fence;
That was her own affair, of course,
And of no consequence.
But she was writin' mighty hard,
A-spellin' out her meter;
'Twas all about good will on earth,
And peace, and then St. Peter.

A Spanish bull, he came along,
And seen' Ella there,
Thought she would look much handsomer
A-flyin' through the air.
So he just rammed that fence full well—
He rammed it good and hunky—
A-throwin' Ella off her perch
Just like she was a monkey.

"You nasty old foreigner!" she cried,
While scootin' down the lane,
"We licked your whole ram nation for
The sinking of the Maine.
I'll go and get my little gun,
And shoot you in the ear;
Then, when the locomotive comes,
You'll never, never hear."

The train came tearin' down the track,
With coaches all a-swingin'.
The whistle shrieked its warbin' notes,
And the engine bell was ringin';
'Twas then that Ella aimed her gun,

And with avengin' motive,
She blazed away—and missed the bull—
But hit the locomotive.

The poet, she was awful mad—
Excuse her agitation;
That Spanish bull had come along,
And smashed her inspiration.
—J. J. Glavin.

Union Printers' Home.

IT TAKES COURAGE.

To speak the truth when by a little prevarication you can get some great advantage.

To refuse to do a thing which you think is wrong, because it is customary and done in trade.

To stand firmly erect while others are bowing and fawning for praise and power.

To remain in honest poverty, while others grow rich by questionable methods.

To say "No" squarely when those around you say "Yes."

To do your duty in silence, obscurity and poverty, while others about you prosper through neglecting or violating sacred obligations.

Not to bend the knee to popular prejudice.

THE SLATE-PICKER SOPRANO.

(Continued from Page 5.)

lentless accuracy straight for his jolly countenance. It seemed for a moment to Jamie, who was peeping out, that the pleasant visage would be annihilated, but the fat man ducked, and the club went over his head, grazing the one thick lock of hair that adorned his pate. Meanwhile the excited Bill stood on the stage, dumbfounded, but spinning in his hand the solitary club.

"Put down the curtain," screamed Jamie. "The audience may make a rush for the door, or worse still, for the stage and mob us. Look to it, for the club may turn out to be a boomerang, and come

sailing back at Sisson. It's good for Bill that we ain't got miners for our audience, or he wouldn't have the fun of throwing things all to himself. Great balls of American snow, look the way he is twisting that club! Down on your knees and pray, ye actors, for if that club flies, one of us, or maybe two, will spread our wings and—"

But the curtain was down now, and Bill jerked willy-nilly off the stage.

The audience sat on, pallid and still as death. Perhaps the poor farmers feared to leave; something might be projected at their defenseless skulls, as they went down the stairs.

The play over, Jamie rested for a few moments in the dressing room. Then Joe Shepherd, now fairly well sobered, came to him, leading in a young farmer, whose feet seemed a weary burden to him, and whose ears stuck out like a bat's. Joe's face was red, and his cheeks were swelling with suppressed laughter. He winked slyly at Jamie.

"Miss Lillian Russell, this is Bill Hecker, an admirer of yours. He thinks your voice excellent."

Jamie, now in his soubrette costume, and wearing his yellow wig, looked exceedingly pretty and gracious as he arose and bowed to the young farmer. The poor tiller of the soil was so abashed that he commenced chewing the rim of his straw hat. Miss Russell rolled her large eyes at the other members of the troupe who had crowded into the dressing room, and she laughed loudly, too loudly for a lady.

"My father owns three farms," blurted out the love-struck farmer, "and my mother has a maid to help with the housework."

Joe Shepherd burst into a terrible roar of laughter. Whereupon Miss Russell stamped her high-heeled slipper and ordered the young farmer to put the actor out of the room. Bill Hecker obeyed like a flash; grabbing Joe and hustling him from the apartment.

When the farmer returned, his eyes were greeted with a sight, instead of a golden-haired maid, he found a little boy in knee-breeches who looked at him with Miss Russell's big eyes, and laughed merrily. On a chair lay a woman's waist and skirt and the dazzling yellow tresses. An involuntary gasp, then a groan came from the farmer's lips, and without a word he hurried out into the azure gloom of the night.

Some members of the company suggested that they remain all night at Millersville, but Joe Shepherd, being wise in his generation, refused to permit that.

"Sure, if we stay here till morning," he explained, "there is no telling what the farmers might do to us. Maybe ride us on rails or maybe dip us in their creeks or even make scarecrows of us."

"We'll risk that," said Bill Sisson.

"But I shan't stay," spoke up Jamie. "Tomorrow is Sunday and there ain't a church within ten miles of here, nothing but a crazy camp-meeting. I ain't never missed Mass on a Sunday yet, and I'll be jiggered if I'm going to start now."

"Good for Miss Lillian Russell," laughed Joe. "Maybe it's off to a convent she'll go yet, and leave the troupe. Home we drive, ladies, if it takes us till dawn."

Off they went in their omnibus, down the dusty road; over the old broken bridge, under which flowed a golden creek, so silent that it might have been mistaken for a stream of quivering silk. The night birds twittered as the coach passed along; an owl hooted; the actors; a whip-poor-will wailed sorrowfully.

The proceeds of the evening's entertainment were counted out, and it was found that the company earned thirty dollars over expenses. Five dollars went into Jamie's empty pocket, and, with a bounding heart he thanked Shepherd; then fell asleep in the manager's arms.

(To be continued.)

P. O.

OUR SUNDAY VISITOR

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SUNDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1912.



Fort Wayne, Ind., March 29th, '12

Dear Rev. Father:

Your work of bringing home to our people the better knowledge of the teachings of the Church, and of informing non-Catholics of the claims of Holy Mother Church, is a truly apostolic work, worthy of the highest commendation and encouragement.

To furnish a weekly paper, for an annual subscription of 50c, appears to me to be more than remarkable.

Wishing you God's abundant blessing on your work, I remain,
Devotedly yours in Christ,

H. J. ALERDING, Bishop of Fort Wayne, Ind.

SIX MONTHS OLD

Circulation, 61,000

THEY HAVE NOTHING OF A POSITIVE CHARACTER TO OFFER.

The "Christian Herald," of New York City, devotes three big pages besides the editorial column of its November issue to "War on Rome."

And the "Christian Standard," of Cincinnati, attributes the recent death of so many denominational papers to week-kneed silence about Rome's attempt to "make America Catholic," it says:

"The denominational press lacks the moral and spiritual backbone to stand out boldly against the encroachments of Romanism, and to denounce the Papacy as the arch-enemy of religious freedom in this republic. The fact is that the testing time has come when every Protestant newspaper, whatever its denomination, must show its colors and step bravely to the front on this great issue, or it must inevitably fall to the rear and be mustered out. We have reached the crossroads when we must choose either the path that leads to a new Reformation, which shall revitalize and unify Protestantism; or the road that leads to dishonor and defeat, and bow to the triumph of the Romanist campaign to 'make America Catholic.'"

It is too bad for our good Protestant friends that their big papers have such benighted and bigoted editors. We believe that just such unreasonable and unfounded warfare against Rome has sent to the grave the papers referred to. They were fighting spectres and ghosts, presuming that all their readers were as narrow as themselves, making angels of men who for bad conduct were ejected from the Catholic Church.

A supposedly religious paper which has nothing positive to offer, but which must assume a negative attitude, and do nothing but "Protest," does not deserve to live.

The "Christian Standard," quoted above, recently offered a sixty-days "Romanism Special Book Offer." Among the books was Crowley's, which is offered for sale for revenue only, as far as Crowley is concerned. Last year Crowley came to a Catholic bishop with the manuscript of this volume and said he would destroy it if the bishop would give him \$50,000. He said "it is a cold business proposition, and would put me on easy street." Crowley supposed that, to prevent the pernicious influence and scandal the book would create, the bishop might bite; but the latter told Crowley that he would not give five cents for all the "rot" he could put together in a thousand years, and that if he did not get out of his town, he would have him arrested for blackmail.

Papers that will be taken in by Crowley, Chiniquy, Fresenborg, Dwyer, Delaney, Delong et al. should die. They are an imposition on the better intelligence of the large body of good Protestant people. Editors who cannot see through the "Menace," and who abet the real or pretended ex-priest have not the requisite qualifications for the office they hold.

A NEW MOTHER HOUSE

A new Mother House of the Sisters of St. Francis has been opened at Gary, Indiana. These Sisters have just taken charge of the big Mercy Hospital there and are in sore need of candidates. Girls who would like to do hospital work as Sisters will be welcomed by this community.

Address: MOTHER SUPERIOR,
(Care Mercy Hospital) Gary, Indiana.

The Editor Replies to a Socialist Correspondent

(Continued from Page One.)

THE REVOLT.

(May 6, 1911.)

"Socialism and ethics are two separate things. This fact must be kept in mind."

Is Debs a Socialist? In the *Worker*, (N. Y.), April 20, 1907, he calls Christ "The Tramp of Galilee."

McMILLAN. I advise you to read the article written in a late edition of the *Social Democrat* of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, by Rev. Father W. M. Ross, of St. Alban's parish of the Catholic church, Superior, Wisconsin, on Socialism and its aims, and it is possible that you may have a different opinion of Socialism and its adherents.

NOLL. There is no Catholic priest in the whole United States by the name of W. M. Ross, and there is no Catholic St. Alban's parish in Superior, Wisconsin. The person, whom the *Social Democrat* calls a Catholic priest is in reality an Episcopalian minister. It is another instance of Socialist misrepresentation.

McMILLAN. Another thing that I would like to make a little clearer to you is this, that the *Menace* of Aurora, Missouri, is not connected with the Socialist movement whatever, as it supported the Prohibition candidate at the last election.

NOLL. The Prohibitionists themselves say that the *Menace* is owned and controlled by the Socialists. "Clean Politics" is the Indiana organ of the Prohibitionists, and it said on October 10, this year:

"In short, the *Menace* is owned, controlled and operated by the Socialists, and it was started for no other purpose than to increase the Socialist vote. Most of the big circulation gained by the *Menace* management was gained through the subscription-getters of the Appeal to Reason. The *Menace* having access to the names of all the Socialists who solicit subscribers for the Appeal, it can readily be seen how easy it was to work up a big circulation."

"The other day we were standing by an Indianapolis news stand and saw a fellow running towards us with a bundle of papers in his arms. What did we see but an enthusiastic Socialist with a big roll of *Menaces*, and leaving several copies with the news dealer, he left for another stand."

"It is plain why the Socialists started the *Menace*. . . . The Socialist-voting Catholics remain in the Catholic Church because they believe in her doctrine, but disagree with their clergy relative to Socialism. Were the Socialist party to openly oppose the Catholic Church, as does the *Menace*, it would drive almost every one of the Socialist-voting Catholics from the party. Hence the smooth scheme of publishing the *Menace*, thus relieving the Socialist party of one odium and giving it the benefit of the agitation thus created."

In its issue of October 19, 1912, the *Menace* itself said:

"The *Menace* realizes that the Socialist party is one of the greatest organized forces on the globe—since it is international in its scope—against many of the evils which the *Menace* is fighting."

The November number of the *Iconoclast*, (Chicago), says editorially:

"The *Menace* is interested in Debs and the Socialist Party. By attacking Roosevelt, Wilson and Taft it gives its victims no other choice but Debs. Men who are deceived by the *Menace* cannot vote for such traitors as Taft, Roosevelt and Wilson. They will not vote in large numbers for Chafin, because they are not Prohibitionists, but from the standpoint of the *Menace*, Debs is O. K. It has never been anything but a Socialist organ in disguise."

"Mechanically, it is a close imitation of the Appeal to Reason. Its circulation methods are the same. Thousands of Socialists act as distributing agents, and a great many of its most rabid correspondents belong to that party."

"Long ago Socialists recognized the Catholic Church as the most formidable obstacle to the advancement of their party. The leaders wanted to resent the attitude of the Church, but did not want to pose as an anti-Catholic paper, nor have their newspapers branded as 'A. P. A. sheets.' That would have closed the door to their crusade among Catholics and turned millions of fair-minded Protestants from them in disgust. They needed an organ for the purpose of getting even with Catholic priests for attacking Socialism and delaying the progress of their movement. They put their heads together, and the *Menace* is the answer. Slick trick! It would open Protestant doors through which a Socialist organ could not pass. Deceived by its lies and inspired by religious prejudices, thousands are expected to turn from Taft, Wilson and Roosevelt and vote for Debs, and ultimately accept the philosophy of Socialism in order to defend their actions."

McMILLAN. As for Socialism being composed of anarchists, kindly read Webster's dictionary on that subject if you don't care to take the word of anyone else.

NOLL. We agree that there are two factions among the Socialists, the one inclined to be more conservative and opposed to violence and revolution; the other leaning towards anarchy. But quite frequently even the conservatives forget themselves and applaud anarchy.

Is Debs a Socialist? In the *Appeal*, May 13, 1911, he wrote:

"John J. McNamara would have been perfectly justified by every law of right—and those words are chosen deliberately—in shooting down Burns and his thugs in their tracks."

Is Berger a Socialist? In his *Herald*, July 31, 1909, he wrote:

"Each of the 500,000 Socialist voters should have a good rifle and the necessary rounds of ammunition in his home and be prepared to back up his ballot with his bullets."

Is Warren a Socialist? In a lecture reported in the *Appeal*, July 8, 1911, he said:

"The Socialist is opposed to every established American institution, political, social and economic."

McMILLAN. I notice that papers that are usually connected with some of our leading churches are great on fighting the working-man's battles on paper, but when it comes to producing the means whereby the working-man can put up a fight against his condition, you are nowhere in sight.

NOLL. Pope Leo was the first who pre-

sented a real defense of the laboring man, in an encyclical, which stirred the world; among many good things, he said:

"All agree and there can be no question whatever that some remedy must be found, and found quickly, for the misery and wretchedness pressing so heavily and unjustly at this moment on the vast majority of the working classes."

Have you heard of the "Militia of Christ"? It is an organization among Catholics whose object is the defense of the Christian order of society and its progressive development. The Militia of Christ will rest upon the ethical, sociological, economic and political doctrine of Christian philosophy, as developed in the course of history—the legacy of Tradition as voiced in modern times in the letters of Leo XIII and Pius X. The propaganda will be carried on by means of syndicate letters to the Catholic and labor press, by social lectures and conferences, the establishment of a Journal of Social Service, the advocacy of Christian principles in trade unions, an intelligent and active interest in labor legislation, the problem of civil service and general administration, industrial education, prevention of industrial accidents and diseases, workshop and factory and mine inspection.

The following are the officers and directors:

President: Peter J. McArdle, Pittsburg, Pa., president Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers.

Vice President: John S. Whalen, Rochester, N. Y., ex-secretary state of New York.

Second Vice President: Peter W. Collins, Springfield, Ill., secretary International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers.

Recording Secretary: Thomas J. Duffy, East Liverpool, Ohio, president National Brotherhood of Operative Pottery.

Executive Secretary: Rev. Peter E. Dietz, Oberlin, O.

The bureau is located at Oberlin, O., to which all communications are to be directed.

The directors are as follows:

John Mitchell, New York City, chairman trades agreement department, National Civic Federation.

James O'Connell, Washington, D. C., president International Association of Machinists.

Denis A. Hayes, Philadelphia, Pa., president International Association of Glass Bottle Blowers.

John R. Alpine, Chicago, Ill., president International Association of Plumbers and Steamfitters.

David A. Carey, Toronto, Canada, chairman Separate School Board, Toronto.

Rhody Keneshan, Denver, Colorado, treasurer state of Colorado.

Michael J. Hallinan, Brockton, Mass., Root and Shoe Workers.

James Creamer, Richmond, Virginia, vice president Virginia State Federation of Labor.

John Moffit, Newark, N. J., president International Association of Hatters of North America.

T. V. O'Connor, Buffalo, N. Y., international president of the Longshoremen.

John Golden, Fall River, Mass., international president of the Textile Workers.

Frank Duffy, Indianapolis, Ind., international secretary of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners.

Membership is limited to practical Catholics who accept the principle of trade unionism and contribute one dollar per year. Members receive the literature which will be printed.

McMILLAN. Read the "Appeal to Reason," the leading Socialist paper, and see if you can find any attacks on any church, and if you do, then you have some room for an argument.

NOLL. The attacks of the *Appeal* formerly were quite frequent, but now Socialists use the *Menace* and *The American Citizen* for that.

McMILLAN. Forgive me if I have taken up too much of your valuable time, but I simply couldn't stand to read many of your articles without answering one of them. Aside from your wild attacks on something that you don't understand or realize, your paper is first class in every respect.

NOLL. We thank you both for your interest and your compliment. We believe we have shown that we do understand.

McMILLAN. I should be pleased to see part of this in one of your papers with your answer, if you care to do so.

NOLL. We have accommodated you, and in a friendly way; we sincerely hope you will give more hearing to the other side.

McMILLAN. You should know if you are any man of any observation at all, that the quickest way to make a thing grow is to give it publicity.

NOLL. What ground have you for complaint, then, against our articles?

Sincerely yours,

ISAAC McMILLAN,

Sec'y. Local Union No. 1978 U. M. W. of A.
Balsam, Ohio.

Catholics Attend Church Better Than Any Others

(Continued from Page One.)

GLASGOW OBSERVER.

"Go to Ireland (and a more Catholic nation does not exist on the face of the earth), and there you see how simply and naturally the people practice their religion. There is an easy, unconventional style about the whole thing which is truly edifying. Not one morning, but seven mornings in the week, whether in crowded cities or quiet villages, the church bell summons the faithful to Mass and Holy Communion—not after an ample breakfast of ham and eggs (according to the principle of that typical Presbyterian, Dr. Guthrie: 'porridge first and then prayers'), but with an unbroken fast—at 4:00 or 5:00 or 6:00 a. m., when Protestants are snoring in their beds. Cheerfully the people respond and Scotch folks would be astonished if they beheld the numbers who morning after morning, without any obligations, but purely out of devotion, begin the day with Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament. At midday the Angelus bell peals forth through streets and hills and valleys. In the afternoon there is a constant stream of visitors to the Blessed Sacrament, some remaining for long periods of time, so sweet do they find it to be in the presence of their Savior."

"At the corner of almost every street a little shrine is fixed, from which some holy face looks down upon you as you pass. On the country roads you suddenly find yourself kneeling before a wayside crucifix or shrine of our Blessed Lady in the fields or on the hillside you hear the pious workers singing their sweet and simple hymns to Mary; and even the little children run up and take your hand and beg a holy picture or a rosary in a way that is not to be resisted."

On Sunday, August 24, 1902, during the hottest weather of the summer, the "Record-Herald" sent men out to make a count of the people in attendance at seventeen large churches in Chicago. They reported an average attendance of 4,301 persons at these churches.

Anyone who is the least observant of religious conditions knows how empty city Protestant churches are on Sunday and what tactics are employed to win the attendance which they do get.

MR. SCOTT.

(In New York "Sun," 1911.)

"A few weeks ago the writer attended a lecture at the Roman church of St. Francis Xavier in Sixteenth street, where there was a week's mission. Never in any church or by any speakers have the terrors of death and the last judgment been more fearfully described than they were by those Jesuit priests, to a church crowded from end to end by men, for it was a special mission to men. At the end, after two speakers had expended all their strength in assailing the wicked, the men present were informed that ten confessors were present to receive their confessions—all this to a church crowded in every part for a week, night after night. What do we see in our Protestant churches? Empty pews, while at Catholic churches, preaching a God of vengeance for sin, a God of wrath, the several services of the day are each crowded with believers. Yet Protestant ministers think by modifying the creed, taking out the sting of original sin, preaching only a God of mercy, of loving kindness, a Christ of forgiveness, that the churches will fill? Whatever may become of my Protestant church, there is a last resort. Rome stands faithful to the ancient creed in most things, and we can or must forgive her some shortcomings."

Wherever there is a resident priest there are services in church not only on Sunday, but on every morning in the year, which are attended by many people. And the Catholic Church is open all the day in order that people might enter it for their own private devotions whenever they wish. Protestant churches are for the most part locked from Sunday to Sunday except for an evening of "prayer meeting."

DR. F. M. NORTH.

(New York.)

"We ought to have our churches open at all times. A few summers ago I was stopping at a seaside hotel, and

and there met a lady who was a Roman Catholic, and she was never tired of impressing upon me her own peculiar religious views. I asked her how it came about that she had been converted to the Catholic Church, for she had been a Presbyterian. She said that years before her husband lay sick unto death. The physician had given up hope, and she desired to go to the Great Physician and pray for her husband's restoration. But she could not pray at home. So, leaving her husband's bedside, she started out for a church. But she found the churches closed. Presently she came to a Catholic church, which was open. She entered, and there prayed for her husband's recovery. He grew better, and now both are devoted members of the Catholic Church. Doubtless they would have remained in their own church if she had found a Presbyterian church open."

Not only are Protestant churches closed during the week, but often on Sundays for a month or more of the summer season.

JULIUS CHAMBERS.

(In the Brooklyn Eagle.)

"Ministers often set the example of abstinence by going away themselves for three or four months at a stretch. Think of the innumerable moral perils in which they place those of their followers who wish to sit under their ministrations. Think of the mental distress that any one of us will suffer if we have to die in summer time, without the consolation of religion as dispensed by our beloved teachers."

"It is just to say of the Catholic churches that they are never closed, and that some priest is always at his post of duty. As a Protestant I am glad to state a fact. We do not hear that attendance at the church of that denomination is decreasing. No, indeed! And the reason is the unflagging devotion of the priesthood to their duties. They do not shut their churches and vanish."

"The padlocking of the Protestant churches is almost wicked. Very often during an active life in this city I have wished for a few minutes' prayerful meditation, and have always sought a Catholic church. There, undisturbed by other worshippers equally intent upon securing heavenly aid, I have always found peace and mental refreshment. Many Protestants are known to me who never pass St. Patrick's Cathedral without entering for a brief self-examination. It is a glorious privilege."

CLEVELAND MOFFET.

(In Success.)

"Of course we have grown up in the idea that it is the right and natural state of churches to be closed, and silent most of the time. Just why no one can say, but being creatures of habit, we accept things as we find them. We expect our houses to be used every day, our barns to be used every day, our shops, libraries, hospitals, office buildings, all the structures on our soil we expect to be used every day, save only the churches which are the most costly and the most beautiful."

PRES. TAFT FOUND SEVERAL CHURCHES LOCKED.

(News Item.)

"Washington, Aug. 20, 1911.—President Taft went looking for an open church today and had a hard time finding one. With Secretary of War Stimson and Major Butt, both members of the white house bachelor colony at present, the president started out today shortly before 11 o'clock. They strolled through Lafayette Square and up Fourteenth street to the church where the president usually attends. The doors were closed."

"We'll have to go over to Mrs. Taft's church, I guess," said the president.

"Back they walked to H. street just across Lafayette Square from the white house to the church where Mrs. Taft worships when she is in Washington. It also was closed and the trio finally turned in the direction of the Church of the Epiphany."

"Many of Washington's prominent churches hold but one service on Sunday during the hot months. In such churches the service is usually held at night. The president had forgotten the custom today when he started out."

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After Dinner Story

THE SLATE-PICKER SOPRANO

(Continued from last week.)

CHAPTER XVIII.

BEHIND THE FOOTLIGHTS.

The company rested for several

days on its laurels, then Joe

Shepherd made arrangements to

take the troupe appear at Grants-

burg, a country town many miles

from Millersville. But the way of

the creature is not in his own

hands. Man proposes, but God

disposes. Just two days before

the performance Joe Shepherd

was crushed in the mines under

a huge mass of coal, and fatally

injured. He died holding Jamie's

little hand; and with his death

was snuffed out the life of the

mature company.

Jamie, together with his work

of the mine, continued to sell

newspapers in the evenings. At

the hotels he was a general

favorite. Everybody knew him.

Everybody knew, everybody

loved, everybody watched for the

soprano newboy. Any story he

told was listened to attentively,

though the narrative itself

might not always be exceptionally

good, yet the sweet, rich voice and

the original style of narrating

made everything Jamie said de-

lightful.

Jamie had sold most of his

papers, and was now chatting in

the crowded barroom of a hotel.

There was such unwonted stillness

in the place, as he talked, that his

voice could be heard distinctly in

the farthest corner of the room.

Suddenly a curtain that shut off

some billiard tables was jerked

aside, and a middle-aged man, who

had some liquor in him, dashed

out of the saloon. A friend reach-

ed forth a detaining hand, and

caught the fugitive by the coat-

tails.

"Let me go! let me go!" panted

the middle-aged man, red in the

face and perspiring. "She's after

me again, that wife of mine. She

declared she'd follow me every-

where I went to a tavern. Take

your hands away! don't you hear

me?"

For Jamie's voice floated to the

door. A mad jerk from the

frightened husband, and two coat-

tails remained in the hands of an

effeminate friend, who shrieked with

laughter, and then patted Jamie

on the head.

"Boy," he said, "you'll ruin this

man's business with your voice.

A guilty conscience needs no ac-

cusator."

Cyrus Hornberger, a proprietor

of a large hotel, one evening

managed to coax and wheedle

Jamie into his parlor. What was

the boy's surprise to find several

glowing ladies and an aristocratic

looking gentleman in the apart-

ment. Almost before he knew it,

Jamie was hustled to the piano,

and a charming lady sat to play.

"We will buy your remaining

papers, if you sing," she said

sweetly.

Whereupon she played a popular

song that Jamie knew. Without

flinch, he sang, and now had he

sung better. He sang again, and

all the while the aristocratic

By W. W. WHELAN,

(Author of "Ill-Starred Babbie.")

should act as his guardian, since

the work would be pleasant for

her boy and less dangerous than

his labor in the cold, gloomy

mines.

Jamie was delighted. The

modest salary promised seemed to

him a fortune. He was to sing

and take small parts. He left

Montgomery when the Elroy Com-

pany did.

Mrs. Gordon kept up a brave ex-

terior and a cheerful face, while

bidding her little boy good-bye,

but when the gate slammed after

him, and he was swinging away

down the road, she threw herself

on her poor bed, and wept as if

her heart would break. In that

hour, the separation from her son

brought back the separation from

her husband. Was he dead or

alive? If he was dead, she knew

not where his grave was. If he

lived, he was dead to her and her

boys.

"Dear God, let death never visit

my eyes till I see my husband's

face again or at least his grave,"

she prayed; "and Mary, my Mother,

in your hands I place my little

Jamie."

The waves of the world might

dash about and break upon

Jamie's little white soul; the evil

one might try to guide that pre-

cious soul upon the rocks, so thick-

ly strewn with hopeless wrecks;

but a good Irish mother's prayer

was rising as incense to the

Mother of God, and she, sweet

Star of the Sea, shed her beams

about the brave little bark, bat-

ting out on the wide ocean of life,

and warded off from that little

craft the winds that might visit it

too roughly.

Jamie never during his career

as actor, experienced what stage

fright is. He always knew

perfectly the lines of his roles and

his songs. Mr. Cook, the manager,

had no cause to regret having en-

gaged Jamie.

The young actor wrote long, lov-

ing letters home to his mother;

sometimes with pencil, for often

he wrote on trains. He found his

new life very pleasant, for he saw

only the bright side of stage

career.

Never once did he miss his

prayers. No matter how tired he

might be after an evening perfor-

mance, his little yellow head never

sought a pillow till he had bent

his knee to thank God for the

blessings of the past day, and im-

plore His protection during his

rest. He never left the stage, but

he sent up a fervent ejaculation of

thanksgiving for his success; he

never went out to sing without

having breathed a short prayer for

assistance from on high. His

partial failure at Millersville had

taught him a salutary lesson. Mr.

Cook, who was a Catholic, provid-

ed Jamie with good books, and the

boy soon cultivated a taste for de-

vout reading. His religion added

to his boyish pleasures.

The Elroy Company was to close

their season in Ohio. The last

understudy, the manager was al-

most frantic. Jamie came to his

assistance.

"I know every one of her lines,

Mr. Cook. I learned 'em from her

book, for I used to prompt her.

Give me her wig, and get me her

costume and slippers, and I'll bet

I can do her part."

There was no other way out of

the difficulty. The costume fitted

Jamie, he managed to get his feet

into the slippers, and he swagger-

ed out as the soubrette. His suc-

cess was a signal one. The man-

ager clapped him on the shoulder.

"You've saved the night," he

said proudly, "and I won't forget

that."

At the hotel next day, Mr. Cook

was accosted by a man who stayed

there. The stranger had a hand-

some, but weak face, and he was

hounded from the sun.

"I enjoyed your play last night,"

he said. "The young actress who

played Tatters was particularly

good. On the program her name

was Miss Lydia Lings. I should

like to meet her. She put me in

mind of my wife whom I have not

seen for years. My wife, when I

married her, was the image of that

actress. At the risk of being

tedious, I delve into personalities.

I deserted my wife years ago; left

her penniless, for I was poor.

Fortune capricious jade, has

lavished her favors upon me since.

Western mines have made my for-

tune. Even now I am on my way

to Pennsylvania to seek my wife

and sons, Thomas and Jamie. If

they are living. I say that I am

now on my way; but yesterday I

was on the point of turning back

to the West. I meant to find my

wife by mail, settle a fortune up-

on her, but never cross her path

again, as I had not the courage

to look her in the face, after my

business and treachery. The play

last night changed all my newly

formed plans. When I saw that

little actress, a wave of love and

longing came over me, and never

till then did I feel how I had

wronged my wife. In that hour, I

realized that I should never know

peace or happiness till I looked

on my Ellen's face again and be-

gged her forgiveness. See here is

my wife's picture. Note the

strong resemblance of Miss Lings.

But you will introduce me to that

actress?"

"Yes," said Mr. Cook rather

curtly, and abruptly he quitted the

room.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE CLOSE OF THE SEASON.

Alone in his own apartment,

Harvey Cook, manager of the El-

roy Company, fought a hard battle

with temptation. He tramped to

and fro over the poorly carpeted

floor of the little room, chewed the

ends of his moustache, and ab-

sently flapped his coat tails with

his firm white hands. His heavy

brows were knit in perplexity, and

his eyes looked full of trouble.

"It is as plain as day that little

Alfy Thayer—"Alfy Thayer" was

Jamie's stage name—"is this

strange man's son," missed Mr.

Cook. "Now, if I let the young

scamp go to his father, I feel that

he will never come back to me; I

shall lose my nightingale. I think

anyhow that the poor little chap

would rather be at home with his

mother than with our company.

What a loss to me! He has been

coming money for my pockets all

season. Yet it would be a base

trick to keep father and son

apart."

It may have been an hour later

when Mr. Cook went to the

stranger's side. The manager's

face was calm as a summer sea;

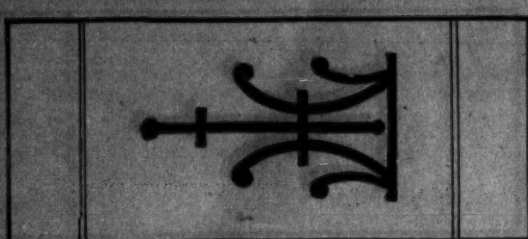
no trace of temptation's storm

remained.

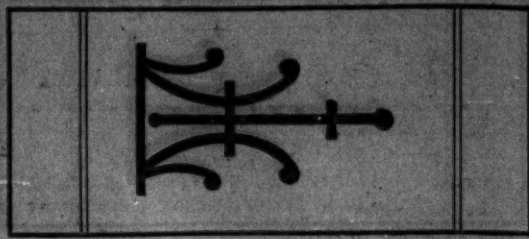
"The actress is waiting to re-

ceive you," he said, smiling. "She

door flew open as soon as



HOYNESITE



Warning to Housewives



Do you use coal that has been mined with Dynamite or Dynamite Caps?

Read the following article on this subject. It will interest every consumer of coal.

A Common Source of Danger to Every User of Coal!

Seventy-seven (77) "Permissible" powders are now on the market, made with the hope of safe-guarding life and property. Every one of these powders can only be exploded by the use of dynamite caps, commonly called exploders, or detonators.

"Hoynesite" is the **only Safety Powder** on the market that can be fired with a spark from a squib or fuse like black powder. It is well known that black powder is unsafe for use in dusty and gaseous mines, as it produces a very large and prolonged flame, causing mine explosions; and its use is prohibited in many mines.

There is a wide distinction between firing a powder with a spark and detonating a powder by a sudden, heavy blow, such as is given by a dynamite cap. There is a great force exerted by these caps, which are sensitive to fire, friction and a light blow, and are exceedingly dangerous for general use by a large body of miners in coal mines, who are not prepared for the safe storage and care of such violent explosives.

These so-called "Safety Powders," which are classed as "permissible," are made as inert and difficult to explode by concussion as possible. It requires an exceedingly powerful dynamite cap to explode the powder, and even these are very limited in the quantity of powder that they will explode.

It is a common occurrence to find whole sticks and parts of sticks, or cartridges loaded with powder, which fail to explode, and which, blackened by dust, are distributed in the coal that has been mined. Every coal operator, using "Permissible" powders that are fired by detonation with dynamite caps, has produced coal containing unexploded charges of powder, that have escaped detection and passed into the railway cars or coal bins for consumption with the coal.

It is characteristic of nearly all high explosives, and particularly those containing nitroglycerin, which compose by far the larger number of the "permissible" powders, that when subjected to a sudden rise in temperature of a very few degrees, they will explode violently. If permissible powders of this character be thrown into a fire-box of an engine, under the boilers, into coke ovens, furnaces for warming houses, or the kitchen range, disastrous results may be expected. Not many months ago, the officers of the Atlantic fleet were notified that dynamite had been mixed in the coal bins on the battleships, and several sticks of it were brought to the officers by the firemen. An investigation followed, in the belief that an enemy or some vicious person had concealed the blackened sticks of explosives in the coal. Detectives traced the powder to the coal mines, and there found it was the kind of powder used in the mining of the coal, and that it was a common occurrence for unexploded powder to be found mixed with the coal, much of it escaping detection. Warning was given that coal purchased by the navy in the future should be made from mines that did not use that kind of powder. In the metal mines they frequently find unexploded dynamite mixed with ore, which goes into the crushers, and is fired with severe results.

"Hoynesite" powder, as used in mines, is ignited by a spark from a fuse or squib, the same as Black Powder is ignited. When any part of the charge is fired, all of the powder burns, and there will never be any danger of finding unexploded or unburned "Hoynesite" powder mixed with any coal. In fact, if it were purposely mixed with the coal, after it is mined, and thrown into a furnace or cook stove, it would simply burn, and not explode or cause any trouble. It must be tightly confined and stemmed with clay in a bore hole to render it explosive. When not so confined, it merely burns. As the use of "Permissible" powders increases, it is to be expected that there will be a corresponding increase in the explosions under boilers, in furnaces and kitchen ranges, for no manufacturer or house-wife has time or opportunity to sort out dynamite than has been crushed and blackened, broken up into fragments, mixed with the coal.

As the time is approaching rapidly, the pertinent question will be put to coal operators and dealers: "Is the coal you are selling me mined with dynamite or with a safety powder, such as 'Hoynesite'?" I must have a coal that is free from high explosives, but at the same time would like to see a safety powder, such as 'Hoynesite,' used in the coal mines, to protect the lives of the men, and the property of the operator.

"Hoynesite" is the **ONLY** powder on the market that can safely be used as a substitute for Black Powder in the mining of coal; which can be loaded and fired in the same way, and does not require the deadly dynamite caps or detonators to be placed in the hands of careless men; and that will not leave unexploded cartridges of a high explosive blackened and scattered through the coal that is for general consumption by the people, who are not informed as to the dangers of

COAL MIXED WITH DYNAMITE.

Regardless of the expense of sorting the coal for the High Explosives mixed with it, and the certainty of not finding all of the powder, would it not be cheaper, safer, and more satisfactory to the consumer of coal, to use a Safety Powder, containing no nitroglycerin, such as

HOYNESITE

Has no flame, which eliminates gas and dust explosions.

Odorless.

You can use it with perfect safety.

Non-freezing.

Ever ready for use without thawing.

Smokeless.

Is cheaper to use than dynamite or black powder.

The only double explosive in the world. Can be used with or without cap.

Every operator should investigate our claim.

This Article Interests YOU, Personally

Let us take a concrete case—not just a supposition, but something that has happened many times, and will happen again.

Suppose you were just settled comfortably in your favorite arm chair, reading the evening paper, and feeling generally at peace with the world. Your wife asks you to put a bucket of coal in the base-burner. You do so, and a terrific explosion follows; perhaps maiming every one in the room, and probably killing some. Yet the real cause of such an explosion would, in nearly every case, never be known. It would be blamed onto the gas in the coal, although it is more than probable that it was a stick, or part of a stick, of unexploded dynamite, or dynamite cap. A small piece of dynamite can cause a terrific explosion, especially in a room, and the disastrous results can well be imagined if there are several people present.

Are YOU willing to take chances like this? YOU are not only endangering your own life, but the lives of those who are near and dear to you.

Remember, these are **FACTS**. The danger is real. IF HOYNESITE were thrown into a stove, it would merely burn up, and cause no explosion, as it contains no nitroglycerin.

"HOYNESITE," WORLD BENEFACTOR.

Manufactured
BY

HOYNES SAFETY POWDER CO., Cleveland, O.